

It's A Loss by **MusicLover6661**

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Blood, F/M, Loss of Limbs, Post-Traumatic Stress Disorder - PTSD, Post-War, Violence, War

Language: English

Characters: Billy Hargrove, Billy Hargrove's Mother, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Reader, Steve Harrington

Relationships: Billy Hargrove/Reader

Status: Completed

Published: 2018-04-23

Updated: 2018-04-23

Packaged: 2022-04-22 04:41:09

Rating: Mature

Warnings: Graphic Depictions Of Violence

Chapters: 1

Words: 2,774

Publisher: archiveofourown.org

Summary:

People could see us and injure everyone if they caught even a glimpse of the undershirts we wore. The dog tags hung loosely around my neck, dangling along side the pendant my mom gave me before I was shipped off

It's A Loss

It was cold and wet, the rain hadn't let up in the last five days and I wasn't sure if it was going to stop anytime soon. I had gotten used to it of course, we were bottling it for when we'd be on the move to help keep us hydrated. There were more canteens filled than anyone could carry by themselves. So everyone was handed three canteens each, the others were put into boxes. The sounds of artillery fire could be heard in the distance. We were told it was far enough away that we wouldn't need to fight, but I was always ready. No matter what I had my rifle and knife by my bedside, no one was going to sneak up on me in the middle of the night. Not without getting my knife to their neck at least.

~~~

"Anyone waiting for you back home?" One of the other recruits, Steve asked as he pulled apart the bread in his hands. The roll was hard and tough to chew, but it kept us full for longer than most of the rations we were given.

"Yeah, or at least I hope she's waiting" I pulled out the photo from my pocket and frowned, I had been gone for almost two years, with absolutely no signs of going home.

"I had to let go of my girl before I left, she didn't need to worry if I'd be able to come home or not" His words were clipped, bitter. All of us were afraid we wouldn't make it home.

"Don't worry, we're gonna make it home" I tried to smile, it came out as more of a grimace. There was never a guarantee we'd go home to our families and loved ones.

The morning after was nothing like the last few days, the sun was beating down on us hard. The ground drying until it cracked roughly beneath our boots. I wanted to pull off my jacket and slide it into my bag, but I knew that was a bad idea while we were traveling. People could see us and injure everyone if they caught even a glimpse of the undershirts we wore. The dog tags hung loosely around my neck, dangling along side the pendant my mom gave me before I was shipped off. I was doing this for her, and the love of my life. No one else.

My country didn't care about me, they shipped us all off even though we were merely kids, dumb enough to fight in the war that our country made. I frowned and held my hand over the dog tags and pendant, my heart thumping loudly in my chest. I wanted to write a letter to each of them to assure them I was still alive, but without being able to stop for longer than a few days I couldn't. We were promised letters from home once we hit our next checkpoint, but never told exactly where that was.

"God, all I wanna do is sit down for five minutes" Jason, one of the other entryman was groaning at how badly his legs hurt. We had been walking for at least twelve hours, the sun beginning to set low on the mountains.

"We will soon don't worry" I reached my hand to pat him on the back when the unmistakable sound of whistling caught my attention. What the hell?

"Missile!" Someone behind me yelled, but it was too late.

The missile struck the ground, no more than two feet from where Jason once stood, all that was left was a cloud of red. My ears rung and my head throbbed as I rolled onto my side. The rest of the team

were each struggling to gain their composure. It wasn't until I pushed myself up into a sitting position that I noticed my left leg, from the knee down was a stump. The blood gushed as I watched on in shock, not able to comprehend what was happening.

"Medic! We need a medic!" Steve ran over to where I was and wrapped a piece of cloth around the stump that was my leg to help stop the bleeding. I could only stare as I watched them work to stop the blood flow.

I was on a stretcher and brought to the medical tent over fifteen miles away. My skin breaking out in a cold sweat. Was this how I was going to die? By losing my leg on the battlefield? I grabbed onto the pendant and began to pray silently, my mother was going to get the news soon after I passed. Everyone would think I was a hero for what I did. I wasn't a hero, heroes didn't kill people. A nurse put an IV into my arm, the apron she wore covered in a thick layer of blood. Were they going to look like that once they were done trying to save me? Or would it be worse? Before I could ask any questions a needle was being shoved in my neck, and I was soon out cold on the gurney.

Waking up wasn't easy, the lights that hung on the walls were blinding, and the smell of alcohol was strong in the air. My leg throbbed as I reached down to see what was causing all the pain. The reminder haunted me as my fingers grazed along the gauze. It wasn't just a sadistic nightmare, everything was true. How was I going to face my family now? How I was going to face her now? She'd think I was a freak. I just needed a doctor to put a little too much pain medication into my IV, then I wouldn't have to go home and face them this way, they'd never know.

"You're being sent home today" The doctor who had most likely done surgery to close up my leg set down a chart on the table next to my

bed.

“Excuse me, what?” I asked shocked, my heart was definitely beating out of my chest at this point. This was all a huge joke, I was dreaming and would wake up with everyone else soon enough.

“Kid, you’re missing half your leg, we don’t have enough to properly treat you here” He turned on his heel and went to another patient who looked a lot worse for wear.

I closed my eyes and fisted the sheets angrily, I didn’t even care if it was bad for my health, I just wanted this all to be over.

“I thought they brought you back here” My heart dropped at that voice, why was Steve here?

“I’m being sent home today, doctors don’t have enough resources for what happened” I glanced down at my leg and frowned. I was going to be looked at as if I was a freak.

“I am too” My brow furrowed at that, he looked just fine though.

“Why?” I wanted to sit up properly to talk to him, so I didn’t feel like such a freak in that moment.

“Shattered most of my arm in the blast, doctors don’t know how well it’ll heal” At least you still had all your limbs, I don’t.

I only nodded, afraid if I opened my mouth I’d say the wrong thing and piss him off. He was the only friend I really had, and I couldn’t imagine having to do any of this alone. The doctors were prepping everyone who was headed for the plane to go home. So far there were only four of us, but I was sure there’d be more before we got to leave.

I was asked to be knocked out for most of the plane ride, I didn't want to feel any of the bumps from the tent to the plane. Luckily enough a nurse decided to help me out, and I was soon unconscious before we left. I woke up while we were still in the air though, the only sounds were from the wind outside. It was haunting as I looked at everyone else. Steve was silent in his seat, his arm in a cast and a sling. There was a man who had tubes sticking out of his stomach, his once bright complexion was now gray. The thought turned my stomach as I looked away from him.

The plane landed at two thirty four am. Doctors were ready to greet us as we all headed into the hospitals and awaited our fates. Steve was taken in first seeing as he wasn't as seriously injured as everyone else. The man with the tubes was taken down to the morgue, the tubes removed along with his bandages. I could only imagine the cries of his wife as she saw his lifeless body. Would my mother be like that if I weren't to make it?

"So, Mr. Hargrove, how are your pain levels?" The nurse was checking my vitals before changing the bandages on my leg.

"I'm in pain, but nothing severe" The wound was healing nicely as the doctor put it, surprisingly no infections.

"Would you like any medication?" She turned to face me, pulling on a new pair of gloves.

"No, thank you" I rested my head against the soft pillow and sighed. How long would it be before anyone knew I was home?

It was almost a week before the door creaked open to reveal someone that wasn't a hospital worker. Max was standing beside my mom. Her hair was cut short, well short for her that is. Lucas Sinclair stayed by the door as if I was going to be able to stand up and attack him. Max's eyes locked onto my leg, her jaw dropping open in shock.

“Hey guys” I lifted my hand to wave weakly at them. My mom’s eyes filled with tears as she walked over to where I laid.

“Oh my god, I thought they were lying” My mom reached over and held my face in her hands. I knew better than to cry and make her feel even worse, she didn’t deserve that.

“It was a missile, didn’t see it until it was too late” I bit my lip at the pain, but I couldn’t rely on medication to help me get through this.

She didn’t say anything, instead wrapped her arms tightly around my neck in a comforting hug. I closed my eyes and wrapped my arms around her without disturbing the IV. Max walked over until she was standing on the side of my bed, her gaze never leaving my leg.

“It’s gone Max, there’s nothing left” Max covered her mouth with her hand as I pulled the blanket back to reveal the stump of a leg.

“Holy shit” Lucas’s voice rang through the small room. Afraid to step any closer than he had to.

“Doctors are saying I might never walk again unless I can get a prosthetic” The words were like acid in my mouth, burning every part of me.

“Are you serious?” Max looked from my leg, to my face multiple times before setting on my face.

“Yes” I had been honorably discharged from the army due to the injury, but with all of the horrors I was going to face. No, don’t think about it.

“Have you talked to Y/N at all?” Max was hopeful, Y/N was the only person who kept me grounded, the only person who really knew I was heading into the army right after school.

“She can’t see me like this Max, she’ll leave” My heart clenched at the thought, I couldn’t lose her.

No one said a word for a few minutes, everyone looked at each of my legs before the door opened once again, except this time it was revealing a woman I was afraid to see. Her expression was blank as she took everything in, her mouth opening slowly as if she was going to talk. Nothing. Nothing except for that stare she was still giving me. I couldn’t tell her why I hadn’t called her when I was home. Was it fear? Fear that she’d reject what I had become? Or was it because she deserved someone better than who I was now?

“Billy” Normally I loved the way she said my name, but now? The word tore my heart apart.

“I’m a changed man, I’m sorry” I knew I shouldn’t of apologized, it made the situation that much worse.

“What happened?” She walked over and placed her hands on my arm, they were so warm and soft.

“Missile, I didn’t take the full brunt of the blast, just enough” I chuckled softly, though without humor

“Jesus, if I had known it was this bad” Wait, she knew this happened to me?

“Who told you?” I propped myself up and winced. The pain shot throughout my entire body.

“Steve, he called me when you hadn’t” I’d have to beat the kids ass when I got a chance.

“I wanted to, I really did but” I cut myself off, there was no explaining what had truly happened besides this mess.

Y/N shook her head and pushed me back against the bed. I wanted to

protest and assure her I was fine, but even I knew that I wasn't. I was in pain, tired, missing part of my goddamn leg for fuck's sake. But I would do this for her. I was going to get better for her.

## 2 Years Later

Recovering was painful to say the least. If it wasn't my leg killing me, it was some other part of my body screaming in protest. I wanted to quit and just use a wheelchair for the rest of my life, but I couldn't give up so easily. So I pushed myself until I was near in tears everyday, physical therapy was taking it's toll and I was determined to walk no matter what. When the day finally came that I could walk without any assistance I decided to surprise Y/N while she was at work. She didn't know I had my last appointment with my physical therapist, and she was going to find out in the best way possible.

"Hey Joe, is Y/N at her desk?" I held onto the cane for support to hide how well I was able to walk.

"Yes she is, you want me to let her know you're on your way up?" Joe picked up the phone and looked over at me.

"Nope, It's a surprise" I smiled and ran a hand through my hair, it was now or never.

The elevator ride up was slow, the loud ding on each floor startled me. PTSD was hell for me, and my therapist was afraid I was going to become violent at times. She just didn't have much faith in me was all. When the doors opened I stepped out onto the floor and walked over to Y/N's desk slowly, she turned and looked at me with a bright smile on her face. I stopped about fifteen feet away and dropped the cane to the floor, she jumped up to grab it before noticing me walking to her. Her eyes were wide as she watched my legs stalk closer to her.

“You did it, you’re walking” She covered her mouth with her hands as tears welled up in her eyes.

“Last appointment was today, we’ve been working towards this for the last six months and here we are” I chuckled and wrapped my arms around her waist as she cried into my chest, they were happy tears at least.

“I can’t believe you’re finally walking on your own” She pulled away and held her hands on my shoulders.

“Well I was doing it for two reasons” I reached into the pocket of my coat and knelt down onto my only good knee.

“William!” I couldn’t help but smirk as I pulled out the box.

“You’ve been through everything with me, through thick and thin and I can’t imagine my life with anyone but you. You’re all I’ve ever wanted in life and I can’t stand the thought of losing you to someone else. Will you marry me?” I opened the box and watched her face closely. She nodded her head and held out her hand.

I took that as a god enough yes and slid the ring onto her finger, everyone around us began to cheer as I pushed myself up from the ground and pulled her in for a deep kiss. The one woman I could call my own had been there when I wasn’t there for myself. Here’s to our future.